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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1901. NUMBER 7

[PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.]

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Miss Lackersteen graduates in June from the University of Chicago. She has had three years experience as Assistant in the University Elementary School. For terms and references address MISS WYNNE LACKERSTEEN, 214 E. 40th St., Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1901. NUMBER 7

We join with *The Evangelist* in its amen to the protest of some English bishops against the "burdensome flowers at funerals." With our New York contemporary we exclaim, "In the name of good taste and simplicity, something should be done here as well as in England to suppress this custom, which is approaching indecency."

Colonel T. W. Higginson, the perennial man of letters, sailed on the 9th inst. for Europe, to be gone until October, but in the hurry of preparation he took time to send his greetings to the Congress and to make wise suggestions as to the Buffalo meeting of the same. There are phases of religious thought even of religious organization that command the attention and enlist the support of those who, like Colonel Higginson, have given their lives to the search for truth and the advancement of freedom, the breaking of bonds physical and mental.

Chicago was honored last week by a genial invasion of Kindergarteners. They came to attend the Eighth Annual Convention of the International Kindergarten Union. However significant the word "Kindergarten" may be, the other two words in the title are more significant—"Union," the watchword of this century; "International," the hope of the next generation. These Kindergarteners are divinely appointed reconcilers; they are called to be peaceful mediators between old and young, rich and poor; between othodox and heterodox, foreign-born and native. All speed to their work.

The great perplexity of the magazine reader is to determine what to skip, for it is impossible to read everything. Each one must settle this question for himself, but whatever is omitted we trust our readers will try to find time to study Count Tolstoy's article on modern society in *The North American Review* for April, and Andrew D. White's account of his visit to the Russian sage in *McClure's* for the same month. Kropotkin's lecture tour through this country at the present time will throw further light upon the life problems that gather around this the most tender, humane, pathetic and heroic figure now engaging the attention of the thoughtful world.

The leading article in *The International Journal of Ethics* for April is on "The Moral Problems of War," by John M. Robertson, of London. It is an answer to Professor Ritchie's "Conditional Plea for Wars of Conquest" in a previous number. This journal always glows with moral earnestness and is illuminated with high thinking. This article is no exception. The argument concludes with the following suggestive statement:

"A theorem which justifies the negation, whether as between individuals, between classes, or between nations, of the moral principle of reciprocity, on the score that such negation may somehow make for 'civilization,' is to my thinking as truly a superstition as any barbaric cult which ceremonially sacrifices human victims to appease the unknown gods."

It is a sad commentary on certain phases of Chicago citizenship when school mistresses must turn aside from their school teaching to study assessment rolls and to work for taxation reforms, and when a lone woman must take up the task of trying to enforce obvious ordinances, to demand that saloon keepers should respect legal closing hours and to try to compel officers to do their duty in such cases. But it is sadder yet when this lady, working in the line of her conscience, finds herself browbeaten by lawyers, unprotected by police justice, the trial ending in a farce because the accused was an alderman and the jury was empaneled from the tough element that haunts the police court and rejoices in the leadership of "Hinky-Dink" Kenna. To the honor of Chicago be it said that City Attorney Walker promptly called for an investigation and does not propose that such a woman as Mrs. Boyd, working in such a cause, shall be deprived of the courtesies and the dignities that belong in the courts of justice.

The tides of bird life are breaking again upon our northern fields. Let the welcome of the bird be tinged with anxious thoughtfulness. It will not do to forget that the destruction of birds is an economic menace as well as a reproach to modern civilization. A French writer has coined a new word to represent "the science of bird catching." He calls it "Aviceptology." *The Literary Digest* of April 13 translates significant extracts from the article of M. Levat in the *Revue Scientifique* of March 9. After describing many methods used in the capturing and killing of birds and showing how species after species of beautiful birds are being absolutely annihilated, the translation closes in this wise:

"But we are preaching in the wilderness, and our part will have to be limited to a sad demonstration. An invisible hand, the instrument of an inevitable fatality, is pushing the feathered tribes toward annihilation; man is destructive in proportion to his civilization, and turns against his most valuable and indispensable auxiliaries the resources of his mechanism and his explosives. We must apply to the case anew the dispatch of Ovid, with which Rosseau closes the fourth book of his 'Evile': 'Man lives, and he is the worst enemy of his own life.' "

Chicago is having a sorry time in trying to secure the passage of such "enabling acts" at the hands of the legislature at Springfield as will enable it to attend to its own business in its own way. The situation would be humorous were it not so pathetic. One-third of the population of the State of Illinois is found within the

limits of the City of Chicago, and still the interests of this vast commonwealth hang upon the enactments of a legislature overwhelmingly rural—men that, however wise, are outside of Chicago's needs and beyond the reach of Chicago's practical issues. At the present time the city is trying hard to obliterate the county friction and make the limits of Chicago identical with Cook County and the administration a single one. The ultimate solution must bring a release from the state entanglements as well as the county. Some day there will be a national recognition of the perplexity that will permit all cities of two million inhabitants or over to come into the Union as separate states, with their own legislators, representatives and senators in Congress. Then we shall have the "State of Manhattan" and the "State of Chicago." Then, and not until then, will we have a law-making power adequate to the wise and economic administration of our great cities and the municipal problem will be in the way of solution. Chicago has already a population larger than that of Arkansas, California, Kansas, Maine, Nebraska and twenty-one or more other states in the Union. Why not make a state of it?

In the death of Alexander C. McClurg, Chicago has lost the head of its leading publishing house, one around whose name has grown up probably one of the handsomest and, so far as ground space is concerned, one of the largest book stores in the country, perhaps in the world. Chicago has not much as yet to show as a literary center. Its place in the publishing world is as yet inconsiderable. If there were no other reasons, its youth is sufficient explanation of this fact. But General McClurg wrought steadily and wisely for over forty years in the development of this interest. A Pennsylvanian by birth, a graduate of Miami College, Ohio, a lawyer by training, he gravitated promptly towards the book business. A clerk in the old book house of S. C. Griggs when the war broke out, he promptly left his business and joined the column moving southward. He went away a private and came back a brigadier general. He resumed his place in the book store, the business soon passing into the hands of Jansen, McClurg & Company, which eventually became the A. C. McClurg Company. This house founded the *Dial* and nursed it until it could go alone, confessedly the ablest literary journal in the country. Mr. McClurg was a public-spirited citizen in the best sense of the word, a vigilant guardian of Chicago honor, an independent in politics, a leading worker in the ranks of civic reform. Chicago will miss him. May Chicago prove not unworthy his great bequest. The vast book business which he represented is his best and most fitting monument.

Much is being done in the way of house cleaning in Chicago politics these days. The city accounts are being overhauled, assessment problems being studied, and the City Council being organized on high lines. We suggest to the Municipal Voters' League that they continue the work of reform by inducing the Council to hold their legislative sessions in the daytime and not in the night. Rascality thrives best in the late hours of night. When honest folks are in bed the thieves have their opportunity. Most of the blunders are committed by the council in the inevitable hurry and weariness of night sessions. Now that the personnel of the council is such that it can stand daylight, we suspect that no one thing would do so much to abolish the rowdyism and coarseness that are always allied to rascality from the council chambers of Chicago as the holding of the regular council meetings in the day time, opening the session in the forenoon and continuing it, if need be, in an afternoon session. Good morals and good manners go together. Unless a man can do without his cigar and his oath while deliberating upon the interests of the great City of Chicago, he is an unworthy representative and not fit to sit in the city legislature. It is time that our aldermen begin to be gentlemen.

Mr. Mayor, in the interest of decency we rise to a point of order and ask you to suppress the pipes and cigars during business hours, and that the swearing man be declared out of order!

Profanity under such conditions is vulgar if it is not a sin. It is an offense to the properties without raising theological problems. Let us have a daylight Council, that we may have a decent legislature for the City of Chicago. All this can not be realized, perhaps, until the number of the aldermen is reduced by one-half and their salary increased to an amount that will enable live men to give of their time to the living task.

There is Hope for the Negro.

It is distressing though not surprising that the negro should in some quarters lose heart, for his battle is a sober one, and at many points of the line he seems unequal to the resisting forces at the present time. But that these discouraging notes should come from the more favored and successful representatives of the black race is a matter of regret and surprise. The recent doleful outlook offered by Mr. Thomas in his notable book on the negro race, and the more recent declaration of Bishop Turner that there is no hope for the race except in colonization, are sufficiently refuted by the lives of these gentlemen themselves. If ever a race proved itself capable of progress and demonstrated its ability to rise, the colored race has offered such a demonstration in America in the short space of time that has elapsed since the war. Not a generation has yet passed. Many thousands are alive to-day who had reached their majority as chattels, those who in early manhood and womanhood knew not how to write or read, but who now occupy not only positions of trust but of far-reaching influence. That there is a great deposit of ignorance still among such people, and their descendants, goes without the saying. That the standard of morals among this class is low, is as might be expected. That they still have to contend with great social distrust, race antagonism and the prejudices that gathered around a servant race, is also to be expected.

Fortunately the present status of the colored man in the United States is not determined by the theories of his friends or his foes. It is not a matter of rhetoric, of social rulings or ethical emotion. The plain, hard, indisputable facts remain; that education is making rapid strides among the colored people of the

South, and that spite of all prejudices the white people rejoice in this advance and generously help bring about the results. In Southern cities recently visited by this writer, the colored schoolhouses were pointed to with pride, and the schools within were conducted in a manner creditable to the white superintendency and the colored teachers. Everywhere there is evidence that the colored people are rapidly acquiring wealth, becoming land owners, skilled laborers, and, in modest ways, employers of labor. In the city of Birmingham, Alabama, it is a source of pride to "leading citizens" that the colored people have a savings bank that occupies its own building, managed by colored people, that it is prosperous, and that its deposits are continually on the increase.

The very triumph of Booker T. Washington is inclined to give an unfair estimate of his colored fellow citizens. He is the leading educator not only of the colored race, but probably the leading educator on industrial lines of any race in America. But a leader implies a following, and there are men and women of the colored race scattered all over the South who deserve a place in the Booker T. Washington line. Once on the ground in Tuskegee one realizes that it is not all Booker T. Washington, and that whether he goes or whether he stays, that great industrial university goes on. On the ground one finds a John Washington, an elder brother, whose steady hand and sagacious execution match the eloquent tongue and the keen logic of the brother. There is Logan, the wise treasurer, the skillful financier of the institution, and the competent heads of the twenty-eight industrial departments. And Tuskegee is not alone. It is the child of Hampton and the associate of the institutions at Normal and Mount Meigs, Ala., Holly Springs, Miss., Atlanta and Macon, Ga., and countless other places.

We are building an argument not from the standpoint of a Northern abolitionist, but an argument that is readily conceded and heartily urged by the intelligent survivors of the Confederate army, ex-slaveholders and their children. They know and gladly admit that while illiteracy brings forth its awful brood of vagrancy and the long list of crimes, this is not peculiar to the colored people. In the Pratt mines, located near the Black Belt of Alabama, seven hundred convicts are worked by the Tennessee Mining Company under a deplorable contract system. Thirty per cent of these convicts were white and the warden confessed that they had often to resort to the "strop" in order to maintain discipline among the white as well as the black. An intelligent colored man himself with a youthful war memory summed up the social situation of the colored man in the South as follows: "The decent black man and the decent white man get along without any difficulty, but the indecent black man and the indecent white man make a heap of trouble." This is a philosophic statement of the situation. The battle is not between black and white, but between decency and indecency, between ignorance and knowledge, idleness and industry. Prof. Council, the successful head of the Northern Alabama Colored Normal School, was a slave taking care of his mistress at Huntsville, Ala., in the winter of '63 when the present writer was encamped at the same point as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery. Many years afterward the writer addressed three hundred colored boys and girls, students in a modern three-story brick building situated right across the street from the house where the founder and director of the school served as a slave during that winter of 1863. He was then nineteen years old; he did not know his letters. He followed the Union army off on its spring campaignings. An Indiana chaplain taught him his letters and gave him a New Testament in which he placed his address, receiving in exchange the pledge that he would write him when he had acquired sufficient skill to do so. The great overflow of the Tennessee that came soon after washed away the Testament and the address in connection with a vast amount of military stores and camp equipage, and according to our last information President Council has never been able to redeem his pledge and to adequately thank the chaplain who started him on that road of learning which has brought such a blessing through him to countless lives.

All sentiment and philosophy aside, the hard figures, the cold statistics concerning the black man's career since the war point anywhere rather than to the gloomy prognostications of Mr. Thomas and Bishop Turner. Rather do they justify the quaint philosophy of the old colored carpenter we met many years ago on a Huntsville street as he was going to his work in the morning with his box of tools on his shoulder. He was twisted and ill-shapen, rheumatic and aged, but he straightened up the twisted trunk as he pointed with pride to the comfortable cottages built on what in '63 was the battery drill ground, and said:

"Foh shu' I built many of them houses all myse'f from the bottom up. I built many houses foh white men an' still I tell yo' I was nothin' but a plain cotton pickin' nigger when you all was down here 'foh the wa'. I stayed with my ole missis clear thro' but when my ole mas'r come back I thought I'd better leave for I might 'member some things, and so I took hold of the jackplane, an' what I myse'f has see makes me shu' that the Lord he done gone make the black man such a way that he'd get along anyhow."

We believe the old uncle is right. He is getting along. All he needs is a fair show. Ignorant and vicious elements are unworthy the franchise and they are unsafe voters. This is just as true of a white man as a black man. A suffrage qualification is quite compatible with democracy and with the highest interest of the black man as well as the white man, and if Southern legislation will be but true to the obvious wisdom, the knowledge and logic of the situation, and make qualification impartial, so that it will run the fair line through black and white, all will be well.

But if the present deliberate attempt in many States to evade the obvious intention of the National Constitution by bringing into the suffrage a race distinction succeeds it will undo the great things that were done for this country by the valor of men North and South in '61-'65. The solution of the problem was beaten out by Grant and Lee as interpreted by the martyr hand of Lincoln and it is the business of the central government at Washington to hold hard to the

fundamental elements of justice and humanity represented by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The black man is getting along. His best chance runs parallel with the best chance of the white man. Both need patience and persistence, and then some more patience.

Twentieth Century Religion.

In a recent address, Justice Brewer predicts for us three things; completer unity, greater economy, and a clearer vision of essentials. There is little need of unusual foresight to distinguish that these three things lie directly in the path of religious evolution. The unity is not, however, a greater problem than the economy and the doctrinal discrimination. Indeed, we should reverse the enumeration of the three points, if desirous of placing them in order of superior importance. Unity cannot come as a forced matter. At present it immediately fails from lack of sub-stratum. Unite for what? Unite on what? It is possible to drop bitterness and sectarian quarrelsomeness; but so far we have nothing to unite on but our sect programs of thought; in other words, on our creeds. There is an inevitable necessity that we shall work our way further toward the determination of what Christianity is, and is distinctively; and what religion is; and what it requires; before we shall have a solid basis on which we as Protestant Christians, shall stand together. At present the weakening of dogma is accompanied by a loose agnosticism and a worse indifferentism. Anything like a philosophy of religion is, so far, lacking in our liberal movements. There is a serious confusion still of religion and ethics; and this has been aggravated by the terms ethical church and ethical religion. Has religion a field of its own? Is it a specific necessity of human society? Or can all its functions be assumed by the school, and the State? Clearly we must get out of this confusion; and it must come from the historical as well as the metaphysical analysis of society. To determine the positive affirmative aggressive work and duty of religion is therefore our primal duty, just now. The great break up in faith does not mean the disruption of religion. It means that there has been an unsubstantial definition of religion.

Economy is a cognate topic, simply because in religion there is something so definite and positive that organism must ensue. Instead of a force working at random, religion must be as economically administered as education or the civic powers. This is precisely where Protestantism has proved itself most unworkable. We have multiplied our buildings and duplicated our services—elbowing each other at a terribly costly outlay. Our small towns have ten or a dozen churches, where on any principle of economy, and utility, one, or at most, two or three, would have been built. Catholicism has worked more wisely.

With these two problems solved, or as they may be solved, unity of fellowship will follow. United is a consequence, and not a cause, in the nature of things. We may fully accord, however, with Justice Brewer in his prediction that the Twentieth Century is going to bring us all very much nearer together. What is now taking place is a measure of disintegration and disbelief, that is essential as a preliminary to kindlier judgment. The valuation of creed points has already gone down to a minimum. Denominational rivalry is slipping into denominational co-operation; and this foretokens a federalism of the sects, which must culminate in a substantial oneness. We are not very far from a new era of religious constructiveness.

There is little reason to doubt that religious life will increase, and not decrease. But there is no reason for believing that sects will long continue to exist as exhaustive potencies, using up the moral energies of the people on dead issues. It is a fact that most of our sects have worn out their purpose, and are operative from the momentum received out of the past. Let them feel, as they must feel, the pinch that comes from exhausted treasuries, and empty pews, and they will gradually discover that they are spending their force and time on problems that the people have lost interest in and for which they have no taste. A restatement of religion will necessarily be of a broad, humane sort. God our Father will be emphasized, and the brotherhood of man. We shall find our agreements to be infinite, our disagreements insignificant. Eschatology especially will no longer be a topic of discourse. While salvation will continue to be eternal, and inclusive of immortality, it will find its emphasis in character. The doing creed will induce co-operation; and Jesus will become the prime minister of a progressive church of God.

E. P. P.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Born at London, O., 1861. Practices his profession as a lawyer in Chicago. Has published "Poems of Gun and Rod," 1892; "Poems," 1895;" "Poems of the Town," 1901.

Arizona.

A thousand long-horned cattle grazed
  Upon a boundless field,
And, with a shading hand upraised
  His bearded face to shield,
A swarthy herder's watchful eyes
Saw distant shadows fall and rise.

A clash of hoofs stampeded there
  Beat fast a loud tattoo,
And whizzing keenly through the air
  A feathered arrow flew!
A gray mustang with streaming mane
Dashed riderless across the plain.

Hickory Lilies.

Lo! where the gray of early March
  Lies frost-like on the grasses green,
And by the roadway many an arch
  Of tangled branch and vine is seen,
Weird flowers upon old Winter's tomb
The waxen hickory lilies bloom.

Soft, sensuous petals pale as death
  With drooping edges half uncurled
Unwavering in the wind's cool breath
  That drifts across the upper world;
Strange forest-buds that gleam o'erhead
Their creamy pallor splotched with red.

The mist from out the marsh below
  Spreads filmy wings and glides away;
Burns in the east a ruddier glow,

While high above the hillside clay
All wet with dew, the dawn's perfume
The waxen hickory lilies bloom.

Pan in the City.

Rose a shape from out the city
Wreathed in clamor, carved of smoke,
And the vapors round his shoulders
Flapped about him like a cloak;
Slow he poised above the river
And in prophet tone began,
"Hearken, oh, ye restless mortals,
I am he whose name is Pan."

Though the temple walls are leveled
And the Gods have sped apace,
I, of all the ancient mighty,
Hold my high accustomed place;
Rule and reign alone immortal,
Over time and tide supreme,
While my spirit hovers near you
As a dream within a dream.

Though my lyric reeds are shivered,
And my lonely music fled,
Give no heed to that false rumor
That great Pan, the God, is dead;
For the aeons are but moments
And the centuries a span,
In the grasp of the eternal
And the calendar of Pan.

In the chorus of the hammers
And the ringing anvil stroke,
In the hail of mallets sounding
On the seasoned ribs of oak;
There my presence moves and listens
In the tumult and the din,
While the echoes, ever-changing,
Wind and waver out and in.

In the rush and roar of commerce,
Where the pulse of Mammon beats,
With the piston-rod's huge motion
In the factories and streeets,
Lo! I hear the roll and the rumbl
And the seething turmoil scan,
And there pierces through it ever
The insistent note of Pan.

Pan, the goat-foot God and heathen,
Once with rustling rushes crowned,
Banished now from out the marshes
And in smoky fetters bound.
None the less his form is passing
O'er the urban ways and walls,
And sonorous and far-reaching
Still his voice among you calls.

Oh! ye foolish and forgetful,
Dared ye hope I was no more,
When ye fouled the running waters,
Razed the reeds along the shore?
When in time your buried city
Lies forever lost to man,
Here again with reedy syrinx
Shall I sound the note of Pan.

A great auk egg recently sold to a London man for $1,678. The last specimen of this great water bird was seen alive more than half a century ago. Though once very numerous, only about eighty or ninety skins, a few skeletons, and eighty eggshells, preserved in museums, remain to show that any such bird ever existed. The eggs measure about five and a quarter by three inches. They are blotched, streaked, speckled and scrolled with black, brown and gray shades. No two eggs are alike in markings. Though able to swim like a fish, the great auk could not fly and so fell an easy prey to hunters, who frequently killed them for sport.—*The Christian Herald.*

THE PULPIT.

Chicago Problems from the Standpoint of A Pulpit.

AN AFTER-ELECTION STUDY.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, April 14, 1901.

It is a dangerous thing to take politics into the pulpit, as every preacher has reason to know from practical experience, but it is a more dangerous thing for a minister to divorce his pulpit from political issues. So I waste no time this morning in apologizing for the habit of this pulpit of speaking its mind on all the pressing questions of state, city and community, when it knows its own mind clear enough to utter it. Woe to the minister who treads upon people's political toes, but more woe to the church the minister of which never offers a shoe that pinches and never disturbs the complacency, prejudices or preferences of his listeners.

We have had another election, and although it is but ten days past, the quiet complacency into which we have already sunk makes it almost impossible to realize that we are so recently through a political cyclone, forty days and more of partisan storm and stress, a campaign than which Chicago has never seen one more boisterous, more expensive in time, money and strength and more reckless in personalities, partisan charge and counter-charge. Whatever hidden things may be revealed to human gaze or disclosed to the human eye, one thing is perfectly sure; the world will never know how much money was worse than wasted in the last municipal campaign in Chicago. No one will ever know where that money came from, and the books are not kept from which any mortal accountant can determine how all the money was spent. I ask you to put no mystic meaning into these words. I hint at no deep rascalities. I know and suspect none such. I do not believe that there has been any wholesale use of money on either side as direct corruption fund. I presume that most of the expense items on either side will be justified by many honorable men who had some thing to do with the investment of the same. I simply mean to say that the time has not come when campaign committees are compelled to give to the public a detailed exhibit of their transactions, either by law, public sentiment, or private conscience.

But nothwithstanding the noise and the mud, the swearing, drinking, gambling, the blinding passion and partisan clamor, which deserve the rebuke of religion, which were a menace to morals, and which must be now a shame to thousands of private individuals who yielded to the hypnotic sway, we emerge from the election excitement with the assurance that Chicago has been getting along. Its civic life is on the upward grade. Things are not only looking better, but they are better in municipal affairs than ever before.

It seems to me the moralist may well take courage from at least four decided signs of ethical advancement:

1. The manifest growth of independency, the confessed disgust with the reign of the "bosses," the manipulation of central committees and the brazen and

persistent intrusion of national partisanship into the local problems and business administration of the city of Chicago. It is a hopeful sign that strong men, intellectual and moral leaders, rebelled against the dictation of partisan leaders, central committees and ward "bosses" whenever they were represented by men of inferior intelligence, of selfish ambition, or doubtful character.

The vote of the last election has been ably and sufficiently analyzed by the daily press, among which there is a concensus of opinion that the results, for better or for worse, were determined by the *independent voter* of Chicago, the noble army of scratchers, the men who in municipal affairs at least took their private judgment, their personal preference, their own conscience with them to the polls and marked their ballot after consulting with these. This independent voter, who in Chicago only a few years ago was the butt of ridicule, the confessed crank, the obvious fanatic, now represents an army variously estimated at from seventy to one hundred thousand voters in the city of Chicago, a most significant advance, a most encouraging prophecy.

2. But the last election has something more tangible than a tendency to offer for the encouragement of the truly patriotic citizen of Chicago. Again I refer you to the daily press for the figures that show that the City Council, the legislative body of Chicago, is composed of an overwhelming majority of honest men, those who by reputation and position, pledges they have given and the constituency they represent, can probably be trusted. The number of market able aldermen, which has been steadily on the decrease for the last six years, is probably fewer today than it has been since Chicago had franchises to sell and there were capitalists corrupt enough to buy private gain from treacherous public servants. The Common Council this year regained the lost ground of two years ago and is organized on non-partisan lines, its committees have been arranged not with reference to Democratic or Republican preference and power, but with reference to the welfare of the city of Chicago.

3. The third ground for encouragement lies in the fact that all this has been brought about largely through the energy and skill, the courage and wisdom of comparatively a few of the younger citizens of Chicago. The Municipal Voters' League is surer of its ground today than ever before, and for the first time in its short but eventful life of six years it closes one campaign with the declaration that next campaign is already begun. Parties that laughed at it are beginning to respect it. Those who were confident that selfish motives were the only adequate ones to inspire coherent and persistent political organization are beginning to take note of the fact that honor, integrity, municipal pride and the ethical motives are capable of inspiring hard work, enthusiasm and a determination to win, which is more than a match to the inspirations of selfishness and the wisdom of the serpent. Openness and subtlety have met in the political arena of Chicago with the result at least of compelling subtlety to seek ways still more hidden and tricks still more dark. The issue was by no means a clear one and the result may be a doubtful one, but the trend of things seems to me to be encouraging.

4. To sum up the encouraging outcome of the last election in one phrase I should say it is found in the hopeful discontent manifested, the deep dissatisfaction with things as they are. A holy shame flushes the face of Chicago. It blushes over its shameful conditions. Chicago is being lifted by a tidal wave of conscience which realizes its humiliating condition. The voice of the pulpit and of religion in Chicago asks:

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CHICAGO?

Let us for a few moments go in quest of an answer to this question. One thing is sure, that our dirty streets, our wide open saloons and gambling shops, the nerveless police force in the presence of unexecuted ordinances and the plain demands of law and of decency, our inadequate public school accommodations and oftentimes the too commonplace and uninspired administration in the school buildings are not the most serious defects in our city life. We have our tax scandals, ill-considered financial methods, our notoriously bad system or lack of system of street cars and other urban transportation, our lack of breathing places for the tired workmen, of playgrounds for the neglected children. But all these are but symptoms of some hidden imbecility, degeneracy or youthful crudity. The remedy lies not in the city hall, the board of education rooms or the chief of police because the cause is not there. The fountain will not rise higher than its source. There is no use attempting to revise the mayor until there is a revision back of him of those forces that create him and without which he is helpless and worthless.

In the light then of recent agitations the present pressing question is, What is the matter with Chicago?

I answer first a deplorable lack of public spirit on the part of its so-called leading citizens. Chicago has so many "successful men" who are so busy tending up to their success that they have no time to save the city that made them from disaster and disgrace. I deal in no sweeping charges nor pulpit rhetoric. I appeal to facts. The leaders of trade are not the leaders of public sentiment in Chicago, generally speaking. The great captains of industry and of commerce in the main offer their preoccupations as an excuse for non-appearance in the high councils of the city where the corporate interests are regarded as paramount interests. Chicago was built by daring pioneers. It was rebuilt by large hearted souls, by large headed men. There was a time I believe when its capitalists were also its leaders. Is it so now? Eli Bates, Wirt Dexter, Isaac N. Arnold, John Y. Scammon, Joseph Medill and their splendid colaborators that ought to be named were city builders, great men lending themselves to great tasks. Their private fortunes were incidents in their high service to the community. Their consciousness was a Chicago consciousness. Its throbbing life pulsed in their veins. Its growing population swarmed in their brains and its expanding lines enlarged their sympathies and increased their humanity. Their first contribution to the city was not money, but brains. They gave not millions, but their lives.

These doubtless have their successors. You and I know some of them and we are grateful for them, but the fact remains I think that the work those fathers did as fathers is today delegated to a class which if not inferior is younger and less commanding than they were. This has been brought about not by a decline or energy, but the confining of energies to more private affairs made more exacting by the pressure of competition and the awful business exigencies that have come in the wake of our great inventions and triumphs over nature. Commerce is great and inspiring. It is the blood of civilization, the very nerves of progress, but commercialism as a philosophy of life, as the basis of statesmanship, an incentive to life, is deceptive and when unchecked is narrowing to character and blighting to the state.

It is the lack of this civic consciousness, this sense of responsibility for the whole municipality at least that makes private comfort more commanding than public duty, makes a man more solicitous for the condition of the lawn which is his own luxury, than for that of the alley which is everybody's necessity. It leads people to look upon art and religion as private luxuries rather than public necessities, and so they build fine houses in which to hide great works of art. They put their churches on wheels and take them along with them, leaving great areas of human life churchless, only so their church grows in splendor and changes its location according to the requirements of their fortune. Indeed the growing income changes not only the place of worship but oftentimes changes the character of the creeds. The forms and formulas that otherwise would be without meaning and helpfulness are made congenial if the pews are sufficiently sumptuous and if an adequate line of carriages with liveried drivers awaits the worshippers at the close of the service. Dogmas unpalatable are swallowed with avidity when washed down with fitting "social functions" during the week.

This lack of public spirit, failure to subordinate private fortunes to public weal here in Chicago is somehow related to the second blight manifest in our city and as it seems to me help explain our low civic standards, our coarse ambitions and our dirty surroundings. There is a manifest failure to adequately appreciate the value of personality, an under or false estimate of the individual, his worth to the community. A manifest though unintentional disposition to consider the dollar before the man. Emerson may have overstated it when he said that "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of some individual," but it is eternally true that personality is the greatest factor in progress and that no great thing is achieved without leadership. Truth is true only when it is incarnated. One loving heart, one throbbing brain, one enkindled soul is worth more in education, in politics, in religion and to the city than a million dead dollars. Aye, without this incarnated spirit, God made manifest in flesh, the more millions in public affairs the more damnation, the more millions in education the more ignorance or something worse than ignorance, ordered indifference, intelligent selfishness, coherent meanness and in religion the more formalism, superficiality and hypocrisy.

I am preaching today the sermon of Chicago. I know not whether it is worse or better than other cities. Looking at its history in the light of thirty years' intimate acquaintance and twenty years of ministerial residence, I can but remember how Chicago has been impoverished by the loss of personalities which it might have kept were it not for its incapacity to know its men, to sustain them, follow them, incorporate them into the life of the city.

The same papers that tell of the dilapidated condition of Lincoln Park tell of the growing attraction, the marvelous triumphs of Boston's park system. And if you look further, in a less conspicuous corner of the paper you will read that the present head of the Boston park system, the superintendent that is bringing glory to Boston, was once in charge of Lincoln Park, Chicago. But Chicago knew not her own and sent him adrift.

Did time permit, one could easily make out a long list of men in the realm of education, journalism, law and the ministry whom Chicago once had, but who were in one way or another starved, frozen or directly dismissed, not because they were minus quantities, but because the plus element in their life was larger than Chicago knew how to understand or appreciate. Think of H. N. Powers, Gibson, Robert Collyer, Minot J. Savage, Brook Herford, Lorimer, Gifford, Thomas Hall, McPherson, Stryker, Barrows and the many more. Even those who did beat out their lives in Chicago on high lines gave of their noblest and best have as yet but little recognition in the memorials of the city, except in the lives they have influenced and the hearts they have sweetened. This is adequate to them, but what of Chicago?

David Swing, with a genius as sunny as it was searching, a personality that was benignant, a mind refined and independent, ministered for twenty years or more to the élite of Chicago, millionaires, social leaders and college graduates beyond number. His work abides in the modified spiritual climate, in the more tolerant intellectual atmosphere. But those who heard him and loved him have as yet left no outward mark of his work in this city except one public school building away out on West Sixteenth street and a bust which a devoted young woman modeled of him, now in the Art institute.

One of the painful commentaries on certain phases of Chicago life that mar my twenty years' memories was the sight of some of the precious books in the private library of David Swing bandied about in the second-hand book stores of Chicago.

And now the Central Music Hall that was built out of a generous impulse to give the great preacher an open platform is about to be sacrificed apparently without a pang to commercial interests, and one more landmark is ruthlessly effaced without any attempt to preserve the line of continuity.

Within a year we have had official notice, so to speak, that all "philanthropy" is to be eliminated in the future from the management of our great auditorium hall, although this very "philanthropy" was such a real inspiration in the erection and the dedication the same.

Follow the fortunes of the "first church" of any of the denominations of Chicago and you will travel a tortuous path. The descendants of the founders of these first churches will go wandering among the elegant residence portions of the city and when they find the last lodging place of the church they will drop a tear and say: "Here is where my foreelders once worshipped, six or more miles from this spot."

As with churches, so with educational institutions. Schools had better be built on wheels, for their individuality, local setting, personal atmosphere are being ruthlessly sacrificed to some department store theory of economy and condensation. Education cannot be handled like dry goods. The minimum of space and the maximum of organization, where percentages are considered more than the personalities, are not the considerations that will make a great people intelligent, public-spirited, loyal citizens.

In the name of Chicago I for one venture to protest against this Herod-like "slaughter of the innocents," that decapitates, depersonalizes, and removes the infant institutions that have awakened so many hopes, that have already given vitality to neighborhoods, and begun to gather around them those associations that constitute the life breath of the real institutions of learning, the centers of culture. There ought to be a public spirit in Chicago that would forbid, if not the annihilation, then the transmigration of the spirit generated, the accumulations of soul already acquired around such institutions as Chicago's Manual Training School, the Chicago Institute, and the Dewey School. There is no University Nirvana for such institutions without a loss to the city.

Chicago rejoiced when, seventeen years ago, the Commercial Club found in their ample pockets $100,000 to establish the Manual Training School, on Twelfth street. During these years nearly 800 graduates have gone out to places of honor and responsibility. One man had faith enough in it to leave $50,000 as an endowment. He did it because he believed in its power to perpetuate itself, because he believed that territory needed such an institution or something better and bigger.

But, escaping disloyalty to the dead by an ingenious quibble which transfers the whole institution not to the trustees of the University of Chicago, but to a board of trustees that will be identical with the board of that institution, the institution has been transferred, and instead of a bright star circling in its own orbit, it is about to become a satellite, lost in the greater brilliancy of a bigger planet. The proposed absorption is to obliterate seventeen years of helpful tradition, leave a vacancy where now there is fullness, take away one point of hope and life from that dreary territory already abandoned by most of the redeeming forces that alone make a city's life safe and wholesome. We are told that there is now no need of the separate institution; that the public schools are doing that work.

My friends, "One swallow does not make a summer." From the school superintendent's office I have obtained the latest figures concerning manual training in our public schools. There are but thirty-five centers in all the city, equipped and maintained by the city for manual training. Individual generosity has partially equipped twenty-six others, making in all sixty-one centers through which boys are passed in shifts, four a day, and many of them having access to the shop but once a week.

Even in these meager touch-and-go methods the maximum possibility of all the benches in the city, worked in this attenuated way, is 29,280 pupils per week, while the boys of school age in the Fourth and Thirty-second wards of the old division alone amounted to 15,676, and not one of these "centers" is prepared to give a complete course of technical education to any one of the boys.

Still less is there any attempt to realize the "trade schools," which is so essential in any scheme looking toward the elevation of labor and the amelioration of industrial friction. It is too late for protest. Perhaps there never was a time when it would do any good, but any attempt to estimate the spiritual vitality of Chicago today must take note of the easy way in which so many Chicago citizens let go of these large problems.

The removal of the Manual Training School, the Chicago Institute and similar institutions, will be an incalculable loss—a setback to the educational life of the city. And for the life of me, I cannot see how it can be other than a misfortune, in the long run, to the great institution of higher learning of which Chicago is proud and from which it has so much to expect.

Individuality must be maximized, centers must be multiplied and associations must be enriched. The individual must be accentuated in our educational life if it is to grow.

Following this lack of the public spirit that subordinate, private interest to common weal, this lack of faith in the individual that is wasteful of personalities, comes the next count against Chicago; a lack of faith in principles, the infidelity that doubts the vitality of the ideal, the conceit that thinks the next generation is not going to be worthy of the confidence and the investments of this generation.

I am told that the old friends of the Manual Training School were dismayed lest the next generation would not take charge of their trust, and so they vacated it while they were alive. "Oh, yes, it is all very well as long as 'such and such' a man lives, but when he dies what will become of the movement?" How many times have I heard the infidel doubt expressed that when Brown, Smith or Jones dies "What will become of the work?" If the work is of God it will live and live more abundantly, not in Jones's way, perhaps, but in some better way.

Luther died, but Protestantism lived. Wesley died, but Methodism thrived. Channing died, but Unitarianism survived. Personalities change, but truth abides. You may be sure that when you and I are dead Chicago will remain and whatever of wisdom we may be able to bequeath to our successors will be conserved.

The man who is afraid to do good or even to do right, who hangs to his minimum and his meanness for fear the next generation will not be equal to his highest, believes not in God, distrusts spirit, represents the only kind of fatalism and materialism that is to be dreaded. There will be personal misfits in the future as in the past, but history will go on a long time after you

and I are dead, and it will take what is worth while of us along with it.

Notwithstanding this arraignment I believe in Chicago and believe profoundly in its future. There are within its borders more than the "ten righteous men" that will redeem it. As already intimated, the signs are auspicious. Chicago is not degenerate, but crude. It is not depraved, but it is chaotic.

This commercialism from which we suffer is no Chicago pest, but it is the burden of the age in which we live, the inheritance of the nineteenth century, to remedy which is the inspiring task of the twentieth century. Running water clears itself. I believe that, scientifically, it will yet be demonstrated that all the sewage of Chicago is rendered inocuous before it reaches the St. Louis shore. So is it with the spiritual streams of the world.

Time will purify the tainted millions with which brave men are now trying to serve the cause of education, morals and religion. The ignoble motives will be forgotten, the noble purposes will survive. There is somewhat of honest sweat represented in every dollar, and it is the honest sweat and not the dishonest water in it that will save it for coming generations. The wholesale abandonment by the competent and the favored of the central life of our city has about reached its maximum, the tide is setting in the other way.

We are going to redeem the pagan territories within our city limits. For the first time in twenty years I saw the other day a placard which I took to be a sign of the new time. On one of the wretched and wicked streets down town I read:

"THIS PROPERTY FOR RENT FOR LEGITIMATE PURPOSES ONLY. NO SALOON."

The only redemption possible for weary miles of Chicago territory lies in that placard. The moment the land renters, those who have assumed trusteeship under God, an awful assumption, of the primal wealth of the world, prefer righteousness to rent, the moment they say: "I will not knowingly be party to that which corrupts and degrades; I would rather go to the poorhouse than travel around the globe with money earned for me by the gambler, the maker of drunkards and the prostitution of women," then, and not till then, will the work of renovation begin. The only solution of the slum problem is a real estate and an architectural one, and that is almost an adequate one.

We now know perfectly well how to build tenement houses, which, when backed by adequate ordinances, will make "slums" and their attendant misery and degradation impossible. And these reforms can be instituted whenever our capitalists choose. Let him who would study the slum to the bottom, study the assessment roll and find out what men or women hold the title to these lands and befoul their pockets with the revenue that comes from such misery and degradation. Chicago is coming back to its problems.

In 1885, sixteen years ago, from this desk I pled for that public sentiment that would make the public school a Social Center, that would gather around it the best intelligence and the most cultivated enthusiasm the city is capable of. Now this demand is in the air, and it is recognized on every hand that the public school houses and grounds might be made intellectual capitals of the district they represent. Here there might be a park for everybody, a library, reading-room and a mote-hall, the meeting place, adequate to the neighborhood need.

The library is still too much a matter of architecture. The secret of its power is not yet sufficiently expressed in popular ambition. It is well to have great buildings and a great city needs great libraries, but the true location of a library is where human nature is most pressed and worst congested. If the John Crerar library wants to go where it will do the most good it will seek to open up a reading shop where life is most miserable, over there on Bunker or Maxwell streets, down here beyond the tracks, in the stock yards district. If it seeks such districts it can modify its architectural ambitions and soon it will have money enough to make two, three or more stations and it will have a reading constituency wherever it goes. This will not necessarily interfere with its ambition to attract expert students in the realms of science and applied arts, for such experts will go where their needs are supplied. The last place for the Crerar library to go is on that altogether too meager bit of open land still left the public on the lake front. Nature does not abhor a vacuum any worse than does a Chicago capitalist abhor a place of vacant ground,—if it belongs to the public.

The time will come when the city will build in our public parks but as yet we are not sufficiently intelligent, there is not enough public spirit to put the right thing there, so let us hold it sacred until we are ready to build that greater winter park, that great pavilion of iron and crystal that will be a free place of rendezvous to the winter pressed humanity of Chicago, a place for music and amusement, a place for jest, for oratory, innocent refreshments and public conference. Something like this is adready found in Naples and Milan and perhaps other cities. Meanwhile there are unredeemed miles of territory available to the Crerar Library without encroaching upon our little bit of open space and lake front which we have built out of old tin cans and tardy street sweepings. If it has not money enough now to buy the degenerate land between Michigan avenue and Wabash avenue anywhere between Harrison and Twenty-second street, let it wait while its money accumulates. All the while it will be going on doing good and finding its constituency as it now does. Meanwhile let the city face the lake and not turn its back upon it. I believe that the Art institute is unfortunately placed and that within fifty years from now it will vacate its cramped position with its back turned to the lake, beset behind by fizzing engines and in front by sordid and oftentimes ignoble trade. Like our late lamented Christopher Columbus of the Lake Front, it turns its back on nature's benignant benediction and reaches out covetous hands toward State street.

O, there are great things in store for Chicago when the moral tide sets in and men of weath will begin to feel the inspirations of common-wealth, when the joy of making money will always be measured by the greater joy of nobly investing it, sanctifying it to the public good. When this tide sets in there will be a regeneration of our politics, judges will no longer leave their benches and ministers their pulpits to plead the wretched opportunism of party organizations. Prim-

aries will give way to the more primary nomination by petition or something better. Then it will be understood first and last and all the time that there is no legitimate field for private speculation in public needs, that there must be nothing but legitimate interest on money actually invested and reasonable wages for work done for any individual or corporation, in street car, street lamp or hydrant. Everything above this will be for the public, for the improvement of the service and the ennobling of life. When all our street transportation will be under the direction of one expert mind that will manage this service not for the profit of private corporation but for the convenience of the public, all street car lines will pass through the center of the city making a single fare carry in either direction, at least as far as the Newberry Library on the North, Halsted on the West and Twenty-second on the South, if not from park to park. Then there will be room for libraries and halls, museums and coliseums, churches, settlements and centers, where now there are but brothels, gambling dens and noisome saloons.

Let me close with a more local study but a study that is applicable to any part of Chicago. The needs and conditions of this territory are not typical because I am to speak of a highly favored district.

Station M in our postal service represents the territory of which this spot where we now stand is nearly central. It reaches from Thirty-first street on the north to Forty-seventh street on the south, and from the Lake Front on the east to State street on the west, a territory two miles from north to south and a mile and three-quarters from east to west, about three and a half square miles. Our local postmaster, from an official estimate made through his office, says it represents a population of eighty thousand people and rapidly growing. One of the best informed real estate men in our territory says that if the population was as dense south of Oakwood boulevard as it is north, this territory would have a population of nearly a quarter of a million. In this favored territory there are some twenty churches and eight public school buildings representing an actual registration of 7,479 children. Four of these public school buildings have assembly halls with an average capacity of about seven hundred. In one of these buildings only is there a night school maintained. So far as I can find not one of these halls has been used this year for the education or entertainment of their public outside of school hours such as the Record lectures in some of the school buildings of the city. Only one of these schools is equipped for manual training work. It has accommodations for only twenty-four boys at a time. This territory has two miles of Lake front but not one foot of it is accessible to the foot of restless child, weary woman or brooding man. This population of eighty thousand people, larger, I think, than that of any other city in the state of Illinois unless it be Peoria, has not a foot of public park, not a single free reading room or general circulating library always open so far as I know except those represented in All Souls Church. And still wise citizens question the need of a Lincoln Center in this place. They think it unfortunate that we have not a locality more urgent and wonder what will become of a plant of that kind "if Jones died." We have a hundred feet front on the boulevard over there and still our financiers tell us that we have twenty feet too many, that we can do with eighty feet and sell the twenty. 'Tis true it might grow a noble tree or give some little children a chance to have a game other than under the horses's feet on the boulevard. Thus does our materialism crowd upon our spiritual needs, our faithlessness arraign our prosperity.

Oh, the weight of the problems that press upon Chicago today! But oh, the inspiration that attends upon those who face great tasks, who have vision enough to foresee their great opportunity!

Alas, for those who by their selfishness and their distrust add to the inertia of purse proud, creed distracted, class—divided, party ridden, selfish Chicago. Hurrah for those who are permitted to live in this great giant city, who are permitted to plant seed that will grow into great institutions, soul-feeding, body-cleansing forces. The Chicago that may become the spiritual capital of the great Mississippi Valley of which it is already its great commercial mart, the Chicago that offers boundless opportunities in character-building, soul-making, the Chicago whose business it is to regain the lost territory at the center of the city, to make every school house the center of a garden in summer time, the brilliant social home, the free mote-hall, the hospitable reading rooms where walls are lined with accessible books on free library shelves in winter and above all the establishing of Centers where religion and culture will make common cause, where theology will bloom into sociology, creeds be transformed into conduct and faith be interpreted in terms of life and not of dogma.

Oh, it is great to live in Chicago and splendid to die for Chicago. Only let our last breath be given to and for Chicago, not sacrificed to the distrust, the procrastination and the caution that waits until it is too late for us to make our contribution.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

The position of Russia is anomalous among the greater nations. She carries her case invariably, because she has a distinct purpose; which is more than can be said of either the United States, or England, or any other power operating in the Orient. The fact is, we are unable to tell precisely what we wish to do in China. Meanwhile Russia knows very well what she wishes, and works directly to that point. She cares little about the Chinese Boxers, or their brutality, because she knows her own soldiers are just as brutal and barbarous. Her end is territorial expansion, and that she accomplishes directly under the noses of the ambassadors of all the rest of civilization. The proper thing for the United States to do is to get out of China as quickly as possible. We do not want a hand in the assassination of political prisoners; nor do we want Chinese territory.

* * *

For a good many years back efforts have been put forth to invent or discover a world language. All such languages, including Volipuk, have quickly gone out of sight. Meanwhile the English language has made such enormous strides, that it seems probable it will, by the middle of the twentieth century, be spoken by one thousand millions, or two-thirds of all the people on the globe. It is estimated that today one hundred and sixteen millions speak the English language, whereas only twenty millions spoke it at the beginning

of the last century. No other language is spoken by more than eighty-five millions, which is a large estimate for the Russian. French is no longer the language of polite society, or of courts in Europe, while Latin has dropped out from usage even among conventions of scholars. It seems quite certain that the English language will become practically the language of commerce, and of universal intercourse, throughout the world. What then follows but that we are bound to reform the English language, so far as to remove excrescences, and make it as simple in its orthography and syntax as possible? We go with the reform spellers with all our heart.

* * *

A good deal of enthusiastic philanthropy is exhausted on the Cuban question. The fact is the United States was not called upon, by philanthropy or any other high motive, to create a new nation to command the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi Valley, and possibly sell us out in case of war. Cuba is a natural part of the United States. Jefferson said that its acquisition would "round out our natural political destiny." No promise should ever have been made to the Cubans, such as the administration now finds it so difficult to fulfill. The annexation of Cuba to the United States would be, in no sense, to enslave her people, but to give them all the privileges of the Republic. While the Critic is unflinchingly opposed to seizing the property of other peoples, he does not believe that such a case is parallel to that of driving Spain out of Cuba, and making that island a free and integral part of the freest nation on earth. It would be to repeat precisely what we did with Florida.

* * *

Clipping the power of state bosses, and national bosses, seems to be the duty of the hour. It is a natural reaction from that drift of the people which led them to party organization and machine politics. Organization is a capital thing, provided you are not under the wheels. Mr. Platt, in New York, is the best living example of a very insipid man, who has managed to keep himself at the head of a vast party by the nicest and most complete political machinery. He has not been an essentially bad man, looked at from the standpoint of morals; but he has been ready to undermine the fundamental principles of popular government for the sake of party solidity and personal power. This has been the state of affairs in all of our larger states. The reaction bids fair to bring about a demand for a much larger amount of "direct legislation," and possibly "referendum."

* * *

Most people not directly engaged in teaching will overlook the drift to eliminate the classics almost entirely from our higher institutions. A young man can now enter most of the colleges without knowing a word of Greek and with but little Latin. It is curious not that Greek should have departed from the curriculum but that it should have retained its place so long. We owe the revolution to President Eliot, of Harvard, who was the first college president to say that he was willing to graduate a young man if he did not know any Greek at all. Well, all the dangers in the way of securing a thoroughly good intellectual moral development are not past with the passing of Greek.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Some Recent Publications.

The Men Who Made the Nation. This is a handsome and useful book of 415 pages, by Dr. Edwin Erle Sparks, of the University of Chicago, (Macmillan $2). It covers the period from 1760 to 1865. The story of our national history is told in a series of biographical chapters devoted to the following persons: Franklin, Samuel and John Adams, Robert Morris, Hamilton, Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Jackson, Webster, Greeley, Lincoln. These men are all made very much alive; their contributions to our national life are clearly, briefly and fairly stated; and yet, these chapters are something more than biographical sketches. Inwoven with the story of every life many other facts of interest and importance are stated, so that the whole course of our national life is narrated in outline. Some may criticise just the selection of names; but it seems on the whole wise. It is out of harmony with our present glorification of war; and probably there is no adequate recognition of the captains of industry. Certainly a great educator ought to have been added. The scholarship of the author is wide and generally accurate, and his judgments sound. It is a good book for the general reader and it will undoubtedly be found useful as a reference book in teaching American history.

Birth a New Chance. By Columbus Bradford, (McClurg, 363 pp., $1.50). The writer of this book, formerly an Orthodox minister, is a wide reader, an independent thinker, a man of decided literary gift. The central proposition which he discusses is this: "Every individual member of the human race lives more than one lifetime in this world, beginning each lifetime in the same way,—by being born,—and ending each by dying; that each individual will continue to do this till he rises above the necessity of dying, or sinks below the possibility of living" (p. 20). This is a somewhat new statement of the old doctrine of the transmigration of souls. At death the human personality retires into a "germ" form which a new individual starts; its future life is not a continuance in a new place under different conditions, but a repeated life on earth in another body. The utterly selfish go out of existence and are lost forever; the good continue to be reborn until they become perfect and enter an eternal tabernacle. A practical application of the theory is seen in the following statement: "It is therefore consistent with my theory to suppose Charles Darwin, born in 1809, to be a reappearance of Erasmus Darwin, who died in 1802" (p. 251). The familiar words, "death," "life," "heaven," "hell," "immortality," "resurrection," are all reinterpreted from this point of view. The author is anti-orthodox, but he claims that his views are scriptural. The subject is too sacred and this discussion too serious to admit of ridicule. Criticism is needless. Suffice it to say that we have here a piece of mystical metaphysic which hangs in the air quite detached from facts. It is as good as any other speculation that pays no attention to facts. It will interest some, and comfort others, but to those trained to scientific thinking it will seem too distant from reality to command the reason or confirm the immortal hope.

Life Booklets, by Ralph Waldo Trine, are three little books of about a hundred pages, on the following subjects: "Character-Building Thought Power," "The Greatest Thing Ever Known," and "Every Living Creature." The teachings are in line with Mr. Trine's well known views. He clothes his thought in beautiful language, and a very sweet and tender spirit runs through his sentences. There is truth in his plea for the power of spiritual influences. It is well to have this side put strongly. But some will feel that he overworks his simple factor. In reading the page one gladly exclaims: "There is much truth here." And yet, on second thought we add: "But there are other valuable truths that are not here." The booklet on "Every Living Creature" contains many valuable suggestions for parents and teachers. Every human person will wish it a wide reading and a large influence. It would probably have gone much farther and done more good, if the author had left out his reference to animal diet, into which it was needless to have gone at this point. These booklets, admirably adapted for gifts, are beautifully printed by *Crowell,* put in a neat box, and sold for 35 cents apiece. J. H. C.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—On the heights only is or ever shall be blessedness.

MON.—If you are ever to reach the heights you must climb.

TUES.—There is strength in pain-bearing; in overcoming odds.

WED.—Notwithstanding everything,—serenity!

THURS.—Have some hard task always on hand, whether of book or deed. Some *hard* task.

FRI.—Be glad of the hard things that come to us, that we may use them and build ourselves up through them.

SAT.—Immortality shall be meaningless to the unfit.

—*James H. West.*

Seed Song.

Little brown seed, O little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other,
And wait for the song of the lark!

Little brown seed, O little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy, all white, like my mother,
Do be a poppy like me!

What? You'll be sunflower!—how I shall miss you
When you've grown golden and high;
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother—good-bye!

—*Adapted.*

The Picaninny.

Among the little white cotton heads in a large field of growing cotton one hot day, long ago, a little woolly dog and a little woolly boy were tumbling about together in the shade, near a little block cabin that stood at the edge of a large cotton field. Little Rasmus was just two years old to-day, and as he could toddle about very well he made up his little mind to take Henrietta, his dog, and go for a long journey. He heard the merry voices of the cotton pickers away out in the field, and he decided to go there and take Bob a piece of his hoe cake.

Away he toddled, and after many ups and downs he at last reached the busy place. Just then Bob, a sturdy, big fellow, came out to empty his brimming basket, and saw little Rasmus. "Well, bress my heart," he called out, "he's de boss of de ole plantation come to take a sizin' ob de crop." He quickly caught up little Rasmus to drop him kicking into the big basket. This he raised to the top of his head and went merrily back into the field.

When he reached the other pickers he set his basket down and out tumbled the somewhat frightened little Rasmus. Henrietta was there to give his face a little friendly lap, and that made Rasmus feel that everything was all right. This was the first time that he had ever stood on his own two feet in the cotton field, and, dear me, it seemed like a great forest to him, for, though the cotton bushes were not very high, they reached way up above his little kinky head. He toddled about among the cotton plants, nipping a little bit here and there, which was dropped into Bob's great basket. He was having such a good time when, ding-dong rang the great bell that called all the workers in from the fields.

"Come on, boss," called Bob, "it's time you was a-gittin' back to de qua'ters," and quickly picking him up he again dropped him into the big basket, swung this up on top of his head and started off with Henrietta close behind. After this great day Rasmus and Henrietta went often to the great field and Rasmus helped to fill many a basket with the fluffy cotton.

The next year, when the fields were again white, Rasmus went out each day with Mammy and Bob, and all the other negro pickers, little and big. He had grown so tall that he could see over the heads of the cotton plants. He often tumbled into the old mule wagon that came down to the field for the cottton, and rode humpty-bumpty to the big cotton gin where the little black seeds were taken from the cotton. Quite near to the cottton gin on this plantation stood some great long sheds, and this was where little Rasmus most enjoyed being. They called those sheds the warehouses, and here many busy, happy hearted negroes worked. It was their work to pack the cotton into big bundles called bales, and bind it all up with wire or canvas so that it could be sent to far-away places. They were all Rasmus' good friends. Rasmus thought it fun to climb up to the top of the great bales that always stood waiting on the long platform of the warehouse for the wagons that carried them off.

Rasmus used to wonder a good deal about where these wagons carried the cotton. He had watched it from the time it was a tiny green plant, and then when it had the pretty pinky white blossoms, and at last when the little brown pods overflowed with the fluffy cotton. He would watch the wagons as they disappeared in dust and distance with their great loads of bales, and he made up his mind that as soon as he was old enough he would follow them and find out.—*The Child Garden.*

Ha'nts of the Kingdom of Spruce.

The sheeted ghosts of moated grange
And misty wraiths are passing strange;
The gibbering spooks and elfin freaks
And cackling witches' maudlin squeaks.

They have terrified the nations, and have laid the bravest low,
But intimidate a woodsman up in Maine? Why, bless you, no!
Merely misty apparitions or some sad ancestral spook
Serve to terrify a maiden or to warn a deathmarked duke.
But the P. I. scoffs their terrors,, though he'll never venture loose
'Mongst the ha'nts that roam the woodlands in the weird domains of Spruce.
He'll mock the fears of mystic and he'll scorn the bookish tales
Of the fearsome apparitions of the past, but courage fails
In the night when he awakens, all a-shiver in his bunk,
And with ear against the logging hears the steady, muffled thunk
Of the hairy fists of monsters, beating there in grisly play,
Horrid things that stroll o' night times, never, never seen by day,
For he knows that though the spectres of the storied past are vain,
There is true and ghostly ravage in the forest depths of Maine.

For even in these days P. I.'s shake
At the great Swamp Swogon of Brassua Lake.
When it blitters and glabbers the long night through,
And shrieks for the souls of the shivering crew.
And all of us know of the withlick
That prowls by the shore of the Cup-sup-tic.
Of the Side Hill Ranger, whose eyeballs gleam
When the moon hangs gibbous over Abol stream;
Of the Dolorous Demon that moans and calls
Through the mists of Abol-negassis falls.
And many a woodsman has felt his bunk
Tossed by the Phantom of Sourdna-hunk.
There's the Giant Spook, who ha'nted Lane's
Old wangan camp and rended chains—
Great iron links of the snubbing cable—
As though they were straw; who was even able
To twist the links in a mighty mat,
With which he bent the forest flat
From Nahma-kanta to Depsiconneag—
Acres and acres, league after league—
Striding abroad from peak to dale
And laying on with his mighty flail.

Oh, fie for the shade of the manored hall;
A fig for a thing in a grave-creased pall—
For wraiths that flitter and flutter and sigh,
With flabby limbs and the sunken eye!
The woodsman recks not, ye frail ghosts,
But he knows and he bows to deep wood's hosts,
Who sound their coming with giant breath,
Who mark their passing with storm and death,
Who shriek through blow-downs and howl o'er lakes—
And he hides and trembles, he shivers and shakes
When he hears the Desperate Demons loose
In the weird dominions of grim King Spruce.

—*Holman F. Day.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Said Robin.

This isn't what I
Call good April weather,
The air all a-feather
With snowflakes. But my!
It isn't my blame—
I shall sing just the same,
Said Robin.

Here are three young trees,
And I eye them right merry,
For that one's a cherry,
And some day in the breeze
Those bright globes will swing,
Whose praises I sing,
Said Robin.

—*John Mayne.*

Foreign Notes.

VISIBLE SPEECH FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—In a series of articles in the Geneva *Signal* Mme. Gevin-Cassal proposes to give some account of the latest experiments in the teaching of deaf mutes. Even in America, she says, where institutions for their benefit are most prosperous and progressive, much less is done for the deaf and dumb than for the blind, yet in many countries the number of deaf mutes exceeds that of those who cannot see.

In France the number of these unfortunates is about 30,000, of whom 4,000 are of school age. For the education of these there are seventy-two institutions, three of which are national—one at Paris for boys, one at Bordeaux for girls and one for both sexes at Chambery. The separating of the sexes at Paris and Bordeaux is of comparatively recent date.

One difficulty in the education of these defective children is that the attempt to give them instruction does not begin early enough, nine or ten being as a rule the earliest age at which these institutions will admit them. The one at Paris alone, thanks to the energy and devotion of its present director, now has an infant class for boys six years old. Out of study hours these little ones are constantly under the supervision of nurses, who watch over them with motherly care and see to keeping up the practices necessary to the success of the oral method of instruction.

Those who have given any attention to the subject of teaching deaf mutes as carried on in the best institutions today know something of the exceptional patience, enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, the absolutely unwearied devotion which it requires on the part of the teacher. One of the great difficulties to be overcome with this class of children is due to the fact that, being unable to hear the sounds they emit, they have less aid from memory to insure the correct repetition of any desired utterance. To overcome this difficulty Mr. Giraud, director of the Paris institution, and his teaching faculty have been experimenting along the line of enabling the pupil to *see* his own utterances instead of being wholly confined to watching the lips and countenance of his teacher. The principle made use of in the new apparatus is that of tracing the vibrations of a graphophone on wax. The pupil is made to speak before a vibrating surface and the sounds he emits are reproduced on a screen as special alphabetical signs. In this way the pupil can *read his own voice* and see without the aid of the teacher whether the sounds he has made are really those he was trying to utter. As each vibration will give a different sign or character on the screen he can correct his own language. One can readily see the importance of this discovery, and the revolution that it is likely to produce in the whole method of teaching the deaf and dumb. While relieving the teacher of much of the trying personal contact incident to present methods of instruction it will be of direct benefit to the pupil, decidedly improving, it is hoped, the quality of the voice by removing that harsh and painful character now so noticeable in the utterance of those who cannot hear their own voices. M. E. H.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.—A letter from this place says: "Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who supplies our pulpit, is liked more and more. The church people do not want to change. We wish you could see how All Souls' Church looks without a debt. We are bright and happy, pay as we go; had a large attendance Easter Sunday." Accompanying is the attractive program, which includes an afternoon Sunday school service, entitled "A Butterfly Easter." Among the numbers are found "The Development of the Butterfly," by Charles W. Garfield, and "The Butterfly as an Easter Symbol," by Mrs. Crane.

Books Received.

COOK & FRY, 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

"About the Bible." Being a collection of extracts from writings of eminent Biblical scholars and of scientists of Europe and America with ten photographs, two maps, and a page from the Polychrome Bible compiled by Charles Hammond.

PAMPHLETS.

"Hope, Hope, Hope." By Henry D. Stevens. James H. West Co., Publishers.

"The Circulation of the Nervous System." By Herman Jasser, M. D.

REPORTS.

Biennial Report, 1898-1900, Illinois State Reformatory, Pontiac.

Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1900.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL. NEW YORK.

"The Life Booklets." By Ralph Waldo Trine.

THE MACMILLAN CO., 66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

"Reconstruction in Theology." By Henry Churchill King. $1.50.

"The Men Who Made the Nation. An Outline of United States History from 1760 to 1865." By Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. $2.00.

"The Philosophy of Religion in England and America." By Alfred Caldecott, D. D. $2.50.

"Emerson's Essays," First and Second Series, two volumes. J. M. Dent & Company, London. 50 cents.

"The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living." By Jeremy Taylor. J. M. Dent & Company, London. 50 cents.

"The Child, His Nature and Nurture." By W. B. Drummond. J. M. Dent & Company, London. 40 cents.

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